

# With the Plays, Players and the

Certain women whose husbands have incomes of sufficient significance to keep them upon that vaunted plane described as "society" have made themselves obnoxious at the theatres during the winter and all too far into the spring. Half a dozen of these women of "our best families" are devotees of vaudeville and the legitimate, which may or may not include stock, and their presence at each performance has been noted by an uncomfortable number of other playgoers. It is the habit of these women to make their presence known, to let all the people in the house know that they are present and to pick up the conversation where it was dropped at the conclusion of the afternoon tea and carry it on to the discomfort of those seated nearby and to the annoyance of the actors on the stage.

If it so happens that they be separated by the seating arrangement it is no trick at all for them to talk across the laps and knuckles of others who are so luckless as to be seated nearby. If they have a box that particular corner of the house is a veritable hive of conversation covering a wide range of subjects. The action on the stage may be nonsensical, artistic, dramatic, tragic or what not—these women care not. They would not in the least presume to be interrupted by anything that may happen to transpire upon the histrionic side of the footlights. Some people have a misguided notion that when they go to the theatre they pay their money for what is going to happen on the stage and they must give undivided attention all the time to get their money's worth. Upon so crude a basis the Talking Women do not calculate. Money is no object to them.

It was during an evening performance at the Orpheum that Will Cressy, playing a splendid character part, reached across the footlights and rebuked this particular group of women occupying one of the boxes. He described the crime of the "man in the case" as being almost as heinous as "talking all during the show." From one part of the house, at least, there was vigorous applause. One of the women in the chatter-box leaned over to her companion and said:

"I missed that. Did he say anything funny?"

"He said something about people talking all during the show," said her companion, whose own conversation had been interrupted by the rude reference made by Mr. Cressy.

For a full minute the conversation lagged and then was resumed, once more with quite as much vigor. Some one who couldn't stand the annoyance suggested to the management that the people in the box be asked to stop their chatter. These women are good play patrons and the house likes their money, no doubt, for the management did not warn them to be quiet.



SYDNEY BAXTER

Scotch Comedian who is coming to the Orpheum next week.

Salt Lake is almost sure to see a summer season of rivalry between two stock companies. Mr. Kelly, who has won in popularity by a series of dramatic successes played by himself and his excellent company, will, no doubt, remain at the Colonial a good part of the summer, if not all through the heated months. It is said some of the winter's big successes will be repeated and other productions not yet played in stock here will be added to the summer's repertory. Howard Garrett and George Carpenter will finish the season of vaudeville by managing the Orpheum and it is rumored that sometime next month announcement will be made of a sum-

mer season of stock at that playhouse. The closing of the Orpheum season will mark the final appearance in the State street playhouse of vaudeville. When the Orpheum season is resumed it will be in the new house in West Second South street. Martin Beck's own manager, said to have been chosen in New York, will probably manage the house.

It was stated in theatrical circles this week that Messrs. Garrett and Carpenter will manage a stock company at the Orpheum all summer and probably during the ensuing winter. It was stated some time ago that Willard Mack and Marjorie Rambeau would return to Salt Lake to play

the Orpheum, but there seems to be a change in the plan, for it was said at that playhouse this week that Mack would not be returning.

Speaking of stock plays and players, Mr. Moon, of the Colonial company, is one of the most popular actors that ever appeared in Salt Lake. He is young, ambitious and able, and he will be heard from 'way up at the top of the ladder. His work with Mr. Kelly's company has been very clever.

The most important theatrical offering this city has had in many years is the coming of H. H. Frasse's all-time production of Eugene Walter's remarkable play, "Fine Feathers," to the Salt Lake theatre next Wednesday night for three nights and Friday matinee.

The play comes here direct from its run of 150 nights each at the Astor theatre, New York, and the Cort theatre, Chicago, with not a single change in its remarkable cast, which includes Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson and Amelia Summers—a constellation of stage celebrities unequalled in any production of recent years. The play has not been seen in any of the eastern cities except New York and Chicago, the intention being to show it to the principal cities of the west this spring before there is a change in the great cast.

"Fine Feathers," the vehicle provided for these stars, is a play which has electrified the dramatic world and which has broken all records for attendance in New York and Chicago. It is a tremendous American drama, setting forth clearly and vividly certain conditions existing in our present-day lives, and situations that confront more than half the country's population. It is a virile indictment of business conditions in America, a powerful preaching against those ethics that pardon dishonesty in business and condone those practices in the office that would not be permitted in the home. And again, the play sets forth a woman's craving for fine clothes and expensive luxuries that stretch the family income beyond the breaking point. Robert Edeson has never appeared to such splendid advantage as in the character of Bob Reynolds; Wilton Lackaye's portrayal of John Brand compares with the finest work that actor has done; Max Figman reveals new charms, both in a comedy and serious vein, in the role of Dick Meads; Miss Coghlan's art is seen to fine advantage in the role of Mrs. Collins, while Amelia Summers is capital as the maid.

The current bill at the Empress is very entertaining. The big attraction is Lawrence Crane, "The Irish Wizard" of two continents, presenting his original conception of magic, called "The Den of Mystery." Mr. Crane is one of the cleverest conjurers in the business and wherever he